VOL. I.] LITERARY TABLET. [No. IX.

HANOVER, NOV. 24, 1803.

HINDU PHILOSOPHER.

BELOVED EL HASSAN,

THE attention, which I have lately paid to the subject of Hindu and American poetry, insensibly led me to a perusal of the *sacred books* of this country, which I had often heard commended, as containing the first instances of poetical grandeur and beauty. My labor has met its complete reward, in the pleasure which I have experienced from the discovery of several complete books of poetry in these sacred writings, and of numerous passages, scattered up and down, among profaic performances, which, from this very circumstance, shine with peculiar beauty and splendor.

A short pastoral Poem, intituled "The Song of Solomon," which, in its *literal* sense is a celebration of mutual love; a reciprocal and highly elegant description of the graces and beauties of the lovers; and a rich poetical painting of the pastoral scenes, in which their loves are to be enjoyed. Considered in its literal meaning, it is a most elegant and charming pastoral. It has all the simplicity of nature, bold in language and sentiment. The persons of the lovers are beautiful, graceful and elegant, as they came from the hand of nature, without the decorations of splendid ornament, or the blandishments of artificial manners. Their sentiments are natural, glowing and tender; and their mutual affection and aspirations after each other's society, are warm and impassioned in the highest degree. The scenery is rich, brilliant and poetical. The objects mentioned are those, which charm every eye, and sooth every heart. The delicacies and beauties of nature are brought into one view, which, presents whatever can delight the sense, and charm the soul. The style is simple, but harmonious and elegant. With all these advantages, it cannot fail to interest a lover of nature, of whatever religion or country.

But these advantages are in the view of the Christians the least, which it has to boast. Their most learned and pious Brahmins agree in opinion, that this beautiful poem is merely a figurative expression of the reciprocal love of Jesus Christ and his Church; and as such they read it with the most devout sentiments, while the profane consider it, as being the effusion of the uxorious and poetical mind of Solomon, which delighted in the contemplation of love and poetry.

I confess I am of opinion, that the *literal* meaning is not the *true* one. If it was really the daughter of love and poetry, why has it not found a place in a collection of writings, whose principal object appears to be the subjugation of every natural propensity, to the dominion of the soul? Thou, my friend, who hast often perused the pages of Hindu and Persian poetry, knowest, that many of the most important doctrines of the religions of Persia and Hindostan are conveyed in poetical numbers, and in a figurative style. The literal meaning often appears voluptuous, but the mystical is holy and elevated.

All the charms of society, of love, and of wine, are drawn in to assist the fervor of religious affections; and while the imagination of a voluptuary would revel in intellectual luxury, the religious mind soars on the wings of rapture to the great First Cause.

But which ever opinion may be correct, with respect to the Song of Solomon, I was instantly struck by the similarity of the design, to that of the Gitagovinda of our charming lyric poem Jayadeva.

This, thou wilt remember, is a *pastoral drama*, drawn from the tenth book of the Bhagavet, in which are celebrated the loves of CHRISHNA (called also by several other names) and RADHA; or, as our Brahmins interpret it, "the reciprocal attraction between the divine goodness and the human soul." Thou, my dear El Hassan, hast been present with me at Calinga, the reputed native place of Jayadeva; where the people "celebrate in honour of him an annual jubilee, passing a whole night in representing his drama, and in singing his beautiful songs."

There we have heard the mellifluous numbers of this delightful poet; while the moon has listened in the heavens, and the songsters of night have sung responsively from the groves. The poetical painting of the Gitagovinda is rich and splendid. The colours are glowing, yet tempered with that mild radiance, which soothes, and relieves, while it delights the eye. The descriptions are particular, and therefore precise. The tree, the flower, and the rivulet, stand forth to the eye; every object is painted in its own appropriate colors; there is no unmeaning rhapsody and obscure daubing; but every part is perfect in itself, and maintains a just relation to the whole. The characters, particularly the two principal ones, viz. Chrishna and Radha, although singular, and out of life (as indeed that of Crishna ought to be, since he is represented, as a God) are consistent with themselves, and carry such marks of identity, that they are instantly known, wherever they occur.

There is one remarkable difference between the Hindu and American taste. The Hindus "have no idea, that any thing, which is natural, can be offensively obscene." Hence the images, statues and paintings of Hindustan, exhibit the human person without reserve. Those parts, which modesty, or guilt, induces all civilized, and most barbarous nations, to conceal, are by them exposed, in their monuments of sculpture and painting, with no more scruple, than the hands, the arms, and the face.

This practice, which may be indicative of great purity, or excessive corruption, originates from a set of feelings and ideas, which exert a kindred influence over every thing, which the Hindu says, or does. Hence, in our poetry, there is often found a luxuriancy of description, which, to nations who have been accustomed to a different course of thinking upon these objects, appears extremely wanton and voluptuous.

The Gitagovinda of Jayadeva falls under this imputation, in a certain degree; although those instances, in which it would be censured by the American taste, are probably less censurable, than the greater number of parallel instances from other Hindu and Persian poets. In order, my dear El Hassan, that thou mayest be able to form a comparison between the famous Gitagovinda and the Song of Solomon, I shall, in a future epistle, extract some passages from each; that by seeing specimens of both these favorite poems together, thou mayest be able to form a parallel or a contrast, between them. But I must be allowed to extract more or less copiously, as the feelings of the moment may dictate; for, upon poetical subjects, I often throw the reins upon the neck of fancy, and suffer myself to be hurried, wherever it leads. Reason however is always at hand to curb the excesses of passion, and the wanderings of imagination. With unceasing affection, I am, my dear El Hassan, thy faithful Friend.

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From EDGEWORTH'S *Practical Education.*

TOYS.

WE have ventured to object to some fashionable toys; we are bound at least to propose others in their place; and we shall take the mattter up soberly from the nursery.

The first toys for infants should be merely such things as may be grasped without danger, and which might, by the difference of their sizes, invite comparison: round ivory or woodon sticks should be put into their little hands; by degrees they will learn to lift them to their mouths, and they will distinguish their sizes: square and circular bits of wood, balls, cubes, and triangles, with holes of different sizes made in them, to admit the sticks, should be their playthings. No greater apparatus is necessary for the amusement of the first months of an infant's life. To ease the pain which they feel from cutting teeth, infants generally carry to their mouths whatever they can lay their hands upon; but they soon learn to distinguish those bodies which relieve their pain, from those which gratify their palate; and, if they are left to themselves, they will always choose what is painted in preference to every thing else; nor must we attribute the look of delight with which they seize toys that are painted red, merely to the pleasure which their eye takes in the bright color, but to the love of the sweet taste which they suck from the paint. What injury may be done to the health by the quantity of lead which is thus swallowed, we will not pretend to determine, but we refer to a medical name of high authority, whose cautions probably will not be treated with neglect. To gratify the eye with glittering objects, if this be necessary, may be done with more safety by toys of tin and polished iron: a common steel button is a more desirable plaything to a young child than many expensive toys; a few such buttons tied together, so as to prevent any danger of their being swallowed, would continue for some time a source of amusement.

When a nurse wants to please or to pacify a child, she stuns its ear with a variety of noises, or dazzles its eye with glaring colors or stimulating light. The eye and the ear are thus fatigued without advantage, and the temper is hushed to a transient calm by expedients, which in time must lose their effect, and which can have no power over confirmed fretfulness. The pleasure of exercising their senses, is in itself sufficient to children, without any factitious stimilus, which only exhausts their excitability, and renders them incapable of being amused by a variety of common objects, which would naturally be their entertainment. We do not here speak of the attempts made to soothe a child who is ill; "to charm "the sense of pain," so far as it can be done by diverting the child's attention from his own sufferings to outward objects, is humane and reasonable, provided our compassion does not induce in the child's mind the expectation of continual attendance, and that impatience of temper which increases bodily suffering. It would be in vain to read lectures on philosophy to a nurse, or to expect stoicism from an infant; but, perhaps, where mothers pay attention themselves to their children, they will be able to prevent many of the consequences of vulgar prejudice and folly. A nurse's wish is to have as little trouble as possible with the child committed to her charge, and at the same time to flatter the mother, from whom she expects her reward. The appearance of extravagant fondness for the child, of incessant attention to its humor, and absurd submission to its caprices, she imagines to be the surest method of recommending herself to favor. She is not to be imposed upon by the faint and affected rebukes of the fond mother, who exclaims, "Oh, nurse, in-"deed you *do* spoil that child sadly!—Oh, nurse, "upon my word she governs you entirely!—"Nurse, you must not let her have her own way "always.—Never mind her crying, I beg nurse." Nurse smiles, sees that she has gained her point, and promises what she knows it is not expected she should perform. Now if, on the contrary, she perceived that the mother was neither to be flattered nor pleased by these means, one motive for spoiling the child would immediately cease; another strong one would, it is true, still remain. A nurse wishes to save herself trouble, and she

frequently conſults her own convenience when ſhe humors an infant. She huſhes it to ſleep, that ſhe may leave it ſafely; ſhe ſtops it from crying, that ſhe may not hear an irritating noiſe, that ſhe may relieve herſelf as ſoon as poſſible from the painful weakneſs of compaſſion, or that ſhe may avoid the danger of being interrogated by the family as to the cauſe of the diſturbance. It is leſs trouble to her to yield to caprice and ill-humor than to prevent or cure it, or at leaſt ſhe thinks it is ſo. In reality it is not; for an humored child in time plagues its attendant infinitely more than it would have done with reaſonable management. If it were poſſible to convince nurſes of this, they would ſacrifice perhaps the convenience of a moment to the peace of future hours, and they would not be eager to quell one ſtorm, at the hazard of being obliged to endure twenty more boiſterous; the candle would then no more be thruſt almoſt into the infant's eyes to make it take notice of the light through the miſt of tears, the eternal bunch of keys would not dance and jingle at every peeviſh ſummons, nor would the roarings of paſſion be overpowered by inſulting ſongs, or ſoothed by artful careſſes; the child would then be careſſed and amuſed when he looks ſmiling and good-humored, and all parties would be much happier.

[*The following tender and delicate little ſtory is from Anderſon's Recreations in Agriculture, &c. under the head of "Travelling Memorandums."*]

AT a village not an hundred miles from Shrewſbury, I overheard the following converſation.—"I would give my heart," ſaid a well looking young man to a beautiful girl who ſet beſide him. "I would give my heart, Suſan, for one kindly kiſs of thoſe bewitching lips of thine, were it not that I have no heart to give; it has been gone from me a long while." 'And pray,' ſaid Suſan, with an arch expreſſive look, 'where hath that roving heart of thine ſo long concealed itſelf?'—"You little enchanting rogue," ſaid he, with an emphatic look, which met her conſenting eye, "and you pretend not to know where it has been." Then claſping her in his arms, he imprinted upon her lips a warm ecſtatic kiſs, expreſſive of the ſofteſt rapture. After ſhe had a little recovered herſelf, with a ſweeter bluſh ſuffuſing her cheek, than ever Aurora yet diſplayed—'Well, Robin,' ſaid ſhe, 'I alſo would give my heart to have back that kiſs again, were it in my power to give: but alas! it is gone, and I fear will never more be in my power.' "And when did this little wanderer take flight?" ſaid he; "and where hath it taken up its abode ſince it left thee?" 'It made its eſcape,' ſaid ſhe, 'the moment I knew I had got poſſeſſion of yours; no ſooner did I feel it warm within my breaſt, than it filled it ſo entirely, that I could find no place for any thing elſe; ſo off I flew directly, and here it took refuge (putting her hand upon his breaſt:) feel how the little flutterer friſks about in its new abode. It is a kind little heart, Robin,' ſaid ſhe, (concealing her face upon his boſom) and will prove ever true to you.' "Bleſſings upon thee, my dear Suſan," ſaid he (preſſing her tenderly to his arms, and gently leaning his cheek upon her's, the rapturous tears flowing copiouſly down) "for now you have made me the happieſt of mankind." Bleſſings upon you both, ſaid I, retiring; and bleſſings upon thee, Mr. Editor, and bleſſings on all mankind. My heart is full; for is there any pleaſure we feel equal to that of participating in the bliſs which is the reward of innocence and virtue?

TIMOTHY HAIRBRAIN.

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APHORISM.

TO be virtuous and honeſt is the beſt way to preſerve a friend and ſubdue an enemy.

THE MARCHIONESS DE GANGE.

[*Continued from No.* VIII.]

THE prieſt, in the mean time, haſtened to the abbe and the chevalier, to inform them of her eſcape; and they reſolved not to leave their work imperfect. While ſhe ran wildly along, imploring ſuccour from every one ſhe met, they purſued her, crying out that ſhe was delirious in a fever, and had eſcaped from her attendants. The people, who beheld her almoſt without clothes, her feet naked and bleeding, her hair diſhevelled, and running along ſhe knew not where, were eaſily perſuaded that ſhe was indeed out of her ſenſes. At length, as ſhe reached the door of the ſieur des Prats, about three hundred yards from the chateau, the chevalier overtook her; and forcing her into the houſe with him, ſhut the door, while the abbe remained on the outſide with a piſtol in his hand, proteſting that he would kill the firſt perſon that offered to approach, for that he would not ſuffer his ſiſter-in-law, in the ſituation ſhe then was, to become a ſpectacle to ſtrangers. His real deſign was to prevent her receiving any aſſiſtance that might counteract the effect of the poiſon. The ſieur des Prats was abſent, but his wife was at home, in company with ſeveral friends: among theſe ladies, the unfortunate marchioneſs wildly ruſhed, beſeeching them to ſave her, and exclaimed that ſhe had juſt been poiſoned. The chevalier proteſted to them, that ſhe was merely delirious; but while he traverſed the room in great agitation, theſe women crouded round her, and as ſhe ſtill continued to cry out, "I am poiſoned, I am poiſoned!" one of them gave her a box of orvietan, a counterpoiſon, of which ſhe ſwallowed ſeveral pieces; and another preſented her with a glaſs of water; but ſo great was the inhumanity of the chevalier, that, juſt as ſhe was raiſing it to her burning lips, he daſhed it out of her hand, and, addreſſing himſelf to the ladies, beſought them not to attend to the incoherent ravings of madame de Gange; adding that he ſhould be obliged to them, if they would leave her wholly to his care, as ſhe was unfit, in her preſent ſituation, to be with any but her own family. The marchioneſs now conceived a hope of being able to prevail on the chevalier to have mercy on her, and, in that hope, ſhe deſired to be left alone a moment with him: the ladies at her requeſt retired to another room; and then madame de Gange, throwing herſelf on her knees before the chevalier, cried—"My dear "brother, will nothing prevail on you to revoke "the cruel vow you have made to deſtroy me? "will nothing excite your pity? Suppoſe I were "an unhappy ſtranger, who reduced to the moſt "dreadful extremity came to implore your pity! "you would ſurely, as a gentleman, as a man, de"fend and protect ſuch a ſtranger; and is your "heart ſhut only againſt me? I will engage, by "the moſt ſolemn oath, to repreſent what has "hitherto happened juſt as you will dictate—I "will forget it—and, if I have deſerved your ha"tred by the leaſt injury, I will ſubmit to any "acknowledgment, any puniſhment you pleaſe. "But in God's name, my dear brother, have com"paſſion on me! pity me, my dear brother, pity "me! and do not precipitate a death, which is "perhaps already inevitable."——This ſupplication, enforced with all the touching energy of deſpair, all the perſuaſive eloquence of beauty, only irritated the cruelty of the monſter to whom it was addreſſed: he took a ſhort ſword which he wore, and, uſing it as a dagger, ſtabbed the marchioneſs twice with it in her breaſt. She flew from him, and called for help: he purſued her, and gave her five other blows on her back; and having ſnapped his ſword, left the broken end in her ſhoulder. As he now thought he had concluded this bloody ſcene, he quitted the room, and going haſtily to the door, he ſaid to the abbe, who was waiting there, "Come, abbe, we muſt be gone, the buſineſs is done."—By this time the ladies were returned to the room where madame de Gange lay weltering in her blood, and to all appearance, breathing her laſt. Her blood ran from her in ſtreams; her reſpiration was ſhort and laborious; but, as ſhe was not actually dead, they thought it poſſible yet to aſſiſt her; and one of them went to the window, and called out for a ſurgeon to be immediately ſent for.—On hearing which, the abbe found their work yet incomplete; whereupon, he ruſhed like a demoniac into the room, and, approaching the dying victim on the floor, ſnapped his piſtol cloſe to her breaſt; but it miſſed fire; and at the ſame inſtant madame de Brunel, one of the ladies preſent, ſeized his arm and turned the piſtol aſide. The enraged abbe, ſeeing this blow which he thought ſo effectual, defeated, gave madame Brunel a violent ſtroke with his fiſt, and then attempted to ſtun the marchioneſs with the end of his piſtol; but the women now all preſſed round him, overwhelmed him with blows, and driving him in ſpite of his efforts to the door, they thruſt him out and ſhut it upon him. They then returned to the unhappy lady; and one of them, who knew ſomething of ſurgery, ſtaunched the blood, and took from her ſhoulder the end of the ſword, encouraged by madame de Gange herſelf, who, weak and fainting as ſhe was, beſought her to put her knee againſt her ſhoulder to force out the broken weapon. By this time a ſurgeon arrived, who dreſſed her wounds, none of which he thought would be fatal; the chevalier, in his confuſion, not having ſtruck her where his blows would have been mortal. She was put to bed, and hopes were entertained that ſhe might yet ſurvive. In the mean time the two aſſaſſins, taking advantage of the night, fled from the ſcene of their cruelty. It was nine o'clock in the evening when they ſet out together for Aberos, another eſtate of the marquis's, about a league from Gange. There they remained ſome time, conſidering what they ſhould next do; and the reproaches they made each other, for not having completed their infamous undertaking, roſe at length to ſuch a height, that they were ready to draw their ſwords on each other.—They talked of returning to Gange, there to finiſh their ſacrifice; but they recollected it was improbable they ſhould gain acceſs to her; that they ſhould certainly be taken; and that therefore it was wiſer to conſult their own ſafety. The horrid event was ſoon ſpread throughout the country. All the neighboring nobility came to offer their ſervices to madame de Gange, and the conſuls of the diſtrict waited on her to offer her a guard, which ſhe accepted, and which was placed round the houſe of the ſieur des Prats, where ſhe remained. The baron Treſran, grand provoſt, endeavoured to overtake the aſſaſſins, but they embarked at a port called the Gras de Pataval, near Agde. A phyſician and ſurgeon were ſent for from Montpellier to attend the marchioneſs, and every poſſible aſſiſtance and convenience provided for her. The marquis de Gange was at Avignon when the news of this bloody cataſtrophe reached him; and though there is little doubt but that he had agreed with his brothers, and even that the deſign originated with him, yet it is probable that he expected they would have completed their undertaking by the certain but ſilent mode of poiſon, and not in a manner ſo open and undiſguiſed. As ſoon as he learned the particulars, he affected the utmoſt concern and diſtreſs, and proteſted he would revenge the cruel treatment his wife had received from his brothers, by putting them to death with his own hands. In a word, he rather overacted his part at firſt, in ſome reſpects; for it was remarked that, inſtead of ſetting out immediately for Gange, he deferred his departure for four and twenty hours, though it ſhould ſeem that not a moment would have been loſt by a man who really loved a wife, ſo ſituated as was madame de Gange. It appears alſo very extraordinary, that to the friends he ſaw at Avignon after he received the intelligence, he never mentioned what had happened, though it is ſo natural for a perſon under the preſſure of a new affliction to ſpeak of it to every body, and to think of nothing elſe. When the marquis arrived at Gange, a monk announced his being there to the marchioneſs, and ſhe received with all the tenderneſs and regard that the moſt beloved huſband could have expected; ſhe only gently reproached him for having left her in the power of his cruel brothers. The great judge of hearts, only knows what paſſed in that of the marquis. If he was in-

deed acceſſary to her murder, which there was great room to believe, this reception, ſo kind and forgiving, muſt have been one of the moſt cruel puniſhments he could undergo: he had the art, however, to compoſe his countenance, and not to betray, in his behavior, the emotions which muſt have torn his heart with remorſe and anguiſh.

[*To be continued.*]

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AN EXTRACT.

IT is of the utmoſt importance to our real advancement in ſcience, to avoid every ſource of error, or whatever may lead us to form an erroneous judgment. Now a true judgment can only be obtained by a profound view of nature, and a ſtrict examination into the mutual connections and dependencies of things; you will hence ſee the neceſſity of ſtrict and accurate examination, of time to acquire the requiſite knowledge, and of attention to comprehend it: for among the various ſources of error, we may reckon the precipitation of our judgment, and a preſumptuous ignorance as the principal. From theſe, as from a fruitful ſpring, ariſe obſtinacy in error, and reſiſtance to truth.

A preſumptuous and untractable diſpoſition is not fitted to receive inſtruction: it is a ſtubborn and ſtony ſoil on which the ſeed ſown is entirely loſt, never producing fruit. Preſumption and prejudice are two of the great ſources of human infelicity, and yet we are too apt to indulge both in all the objects of our will and judgment, the conſequences of which are our frequent miſcarriages in the purſuit of happineſs and knowledge.

Mankind are always ready to adopt what accords with preconceived opinions, to make reaſon ſubſervient to prejudice, and to reject without examination, whatever is diſcordant with a received ſyſtem; thus cloſing the door of ſcience and excluding themſelves from the benefit of light. We are told of a Florentine philoſopher, whoſe prejudices had taken ſo deep root, that he never could be perſuaded to look through one of Galileo's teleſcopes, leſt he ſhould ſee ſomething in the heavens that might diſturb his belief of the Ariſtotelian philoſophy.

The principal and ſureſt ſtep towards the poſſeſſion of the good we ſeek is our affection for the object; ſo that the love of truth is the beſt means of ſucceeding in the ſearch of it. There is hardly any one who ſuſpects he wants this love, and yet how few are there whom their confidence does not deceive. We miſtake the love of our opinions for the love of truth, becauſe we ſuppoſe our own opinions to be true; and yet, for the moſt part, they have been received upon credit, and are conſequently more likely to be falſe. The love of our opinions is in this caſe the love of error, and the affections being miſplaced are a greater impediment in the purſuit of truth, than if we had no affections at all concerning it.

You ſhould, therefore, ſet out in ſearch of truth as of a ſtranger, not in ſearch of arguments to ſupport your own opinions, and endeavor to maintain your mind in a ſtate of equilibrium, an indifference for every thing but known and well atteſted truth, totally regardleſs of the place whence it comes, or that to which it tends; being fully perſuaded that truth, no more than its author, can ſink to the level of our ignorance; but that by a proper cultivation of our reaſon we may riſe to truth, may reach its ſublimeſt height, its reſidence near the footſtool of the Almighty.

H.

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"The Chriſtian Religion, which ordains that men ſhould love each other, would without doubt have every nation bleſt with the beſt civil and political laws; becauſe theſe are, next to religion, the greateſt good that men can give and receive."

A PATHETIC AND ELEGANT LETTER,

From a Deſerted Wife to a Faithleſs Huſband, written in England a few years ſince.

"*My Dear Huſband,*

"I who expected your return from America with painful anxiety, who had counted the ſlow hours which parted you from me—think how I was ſhocked at learning you would return no more, and that you had ſettled with a miſtreſs in a diſtant ſtate? It was for your ſake that I lamented. You went againſt my earneſt entreaties, but it was with a deſire which I thought ſincere to provide a genteel maintenance for our little ones, who you ſaid you could not bear to ſee brought up in the evils of poverty. I might now lament the diſappointment in not ſharing the riches which I hear you have amaſſed; but I ſcorn it. What are riches compared to the delight of ſincere affection? I deplore the loſs of your love. I deplore the frailty which has involved you in error, and will, I am ſure, as ſuch miſtaken conduct muſt, terminate in miſery.

"But I mean not to remonſtrate.—It is, alas! too late. I only write to acquaint you with the health, and ſome other circumſtances of myſelf and thoſe little ones, whom you once loved.

"The houſe you left me in, could not be ſupported without an expenſe, which the ſmall ſum you left behind could not well ſupply. I have relinquiſhed it, and have retired to a neat little cottage, thirty miles from town. We make no pretenſions to elegance, but we live in great neatneſs, and by ſtrict economy, ſupply our moderate wants, with as much comfort as our deſolate ſituation will allow. Your preſence, my love, would make the little cottage a Palace.

"Poor Emily, who has grown a fine girl, has been working a pair of ruffles for you, and as ſhe ſits by my ſide, often repeats with a ſigh, "when will my dear papa return?" the others are conſtantly aſking me the ſame queſtion; and little Henry, as ſoon as he began to talk, learned to liſp in the firſt ſyllable he uttered, "when will papa come home?" Sweet fellow! he is now ſitting on his ſtool by my ſide, and, as he ſees me drop a tear, aſks me why I weep, for papa will come home ſoon. He and his two brothers are frequently riding on your walking cane, and take particular delight in it becauſe it is papa's.

"I do aſſure you, I never open my lips to them on the cauſe of your abſence, but I cannot prevail upon myſelf to bid them ceaſe to aſk when you will return, though the queſtion frequently extorts a tear, (which I hide in a ſmile) and wrings my ſoul, while I ſuffer in ſilence.

"I have taught them to mention you in their morning and evening prayers with their greateſt ardor of affection; and they always add of themſelves, a petition for your ſpeedy return.

"I ſpend my time in giving them the little inſtruction I am able. I cannot afford them at any eminent ſchool, and do not chooſe they ſhould acquire meanneſs and vulgularity at a low one.—As to Engliſh—they read alternately, three hours every morning, the moſt celebrated poets and proſe writers; and can write, though not an elegant, yet a very plain and legible hand.

"Do not, my dear, imagine that the employment is irkſome. It affords me a ſweet conſolation in your abſence. Indeed if it were not for the little ones, I am afraid I ſhould not ſupport it. I think it will be a ſatisfaction to you to hear that by retrenching our wants and expences, we are enabled to pay for every thing we buy, and though poor we are not unhappy from the want of any neceſſary.

"Pardon my interrupting you. I mean to give you ſatisfaction. Though I am deeply injured by your error, I am not reſentful. I wiſh you all the happineſs you are capable of.

And am,
Your once loved and ſtill affectionate
* * * * * * * *

—o—

Part of a letter from Doctor FRANKLIN, *to Doctor* MATHER, *of Boſton.*

I REMEMBER well both your father and grand-father, having heard them in the pulpit, and ſeen them both in their houſes. The laſt time I ſaw your father was in 1724. He received me in his library; and, on my taking leave, he ſhewed me a ſhorter way out of the houſe, through a narrow paſſage, which was croſſed by a beam over head. We were ſtill talking as I withdrew; he accompanying me behind, and I turning partly towards him, when he ſaid, haſtily, "Stoop, ſtoop." I did not underſtand him, till I felt my head hit againſt the beam. He was a man who never miſſed any occaſion of giving inſtruction; and upon this, he ſaid to me, "You are young, and have the world before you; ſtoop as you go through it, and you will miſs many hard thumps." This advice, thus beat into my head, has frequently been of uſe to me; and I often think of it when I ſee pride mortified, and miſfortunes brought upon people by carrying their heads too high.

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ONCE:——A FRAGMENT.

I HAD *once* a lovely friend; Louiſa was her name: ſhe was beautiful as the morning roſe beſprinkled with the dew, ſweet as the honey of the induſtrious bee. I loved my charming friend—I was beloved by her. I *once* was happy!

Soon as the moon aroſe, we were wont to repair to a clump of ſhady elms. There, ſeated on the verdant turf, we ſaid to each other, "Shall we be always thus happy?" And the birds ſung in the thick foliage, and the brook ſweetly murmured. Oft did we interrupt our diſcourſe to liſten to it; oft did it ſeem to ſuſpend its murmurs, as if liſtening to our tender effuſions. Ah! we were happy *once* under the ſhady elms.

But, how ſolitary now the grove! The nightingale no longer ſings! The brook murmurs ſtill, but with a ſad and plaintive noiſe. The melancholy cypreſs now appears, where *once* roſe the lofty elms. Louiſa is no more. And I—I no longer ſeek the grove!

MR. EDITOR,

THE following lines, tranſlated from an ancient Latin Poet, poſſeſs ſo much of the true ſpirit of rational philoſophy, as to entitle them to the peruſal of every one who has any claim to reaſon, or pretenſions to accurate and juſt obſervation on the works of Nature. The author, barely from a view of her phenomena, and an inquiry into the cauſes which produce them, is deeply penetrated with a conviction of thoſe important truths, which the philoſopher of the preſent day, though favored with the more brilliant light of revelation, affects to reject. The one beholds in the ſtructure of nature, nothing but an undirected chance; while the other ſees and acknowledges, in every portion of her works, the hand of an Architect, moſt ſkilful and wiſe.

Such is the difference between ancient and modern philoſophy!

"When firſt my anxious thought explored the cauſe
Of theſe effects, and ſearch'd out Nature's laws;
Gueſs'd how the year its ſtated term ſhould keep;
Who fix'd the limits of the ſurgy deep;
What power had formed the circling orbs of light,
And ſpread the ſable curtain of the night;
No more in miſty paths of doubt I trod;
My reaſon ſaw, my ſoul confeſs'd a GOD.
Form'd by his hand, theſe orbs their courſe maintain;
The night, the day, with equal empire reign
The ſun his warmth benign, and radiance yields,
With borrowed light pale Luna paints the fields;
The ſwelling ſeas th' oppoſing ſhores withſtand,
And earth is poiz'd by an Almighty hand."

THE SAILOR.

THE ſailor ſighs, as ſinks his native ſhore,
As all its leſſening turrets bluely fade;
He climbs the maſt to feaſt his eye once more,
And buſy fancy fondly lends her aid.

Ah! now each dear domeſtic ſcene he knew,
Recall'd and cheriſh'd in a foreign clime,
Charm'd with the magic of a moonlight view,
Its colors mellow'd, not impair'd by time.

True as the needle homeward points his heart,
Through all the horrors of the ſtormy main;
This, the laſt wiſh with which its warmth could part,
To meet the ſmile of her he loves again.

When morn firſt faintly draws her ſilver line,
Or Eve's gray cloud deſcends to drink the wave;
When ſea and ſky in midnight darkneſs join,
Still, ſtill he views the parting look ſhe gave.

Her gentle ſpirit lightly hovering o'er,
Attends his little bark from pole to pole;
And, when the beating billows round him roar,
Whiſpers ſweet hope to ſoothe his troubled ſoul.

Carv'd is her name in many a ſpicy grove,
In many a plantain-foreſt, waving wide;
Where duſky youths in painted plumage rove,
And giant-palms o'er-arch the yellow tide.

But lo, at laſt he comes with crowded ſail!
Lo, o'er the cliff what eager figures bend!
And hark, what mingled murmurs ſwell the gale!
In each he hears the welcome of a friend.

'Tis ſhe, 'tis ſhe herſelf! ſhe waves her hand!
Soon is the anchor caſt, the canvaſs furl'd;
Soon thro' the whitening ſurge he ſprings to land,
And claſps the maid he ſingled from the world.

THE OLD SOLDIER.

BY MRS. ROBINSON.

O PITY! if thy holy tear
Immortal decks the wing of time,
'Tis when the ſoldier's honour'd bier
Demands the glitt'ring drop ſublime;
For who, whom buſy life remov'd
Such glorious, dang'rous toil has prov'd
As *he*, who on th' embattled plain
Lies nobly ſlain.

He, who forſakes his native ſhore
To meet the whizzing ball of death,
Who, mid the battle's fateful roar,
Reſigns his lingering, parting breath;
Who, when the deaf'ning din is done,
So well deſerves as valour's ſon,
The proud, the laſting wreath of fame,
To grace his name!

Hard is his fate, the ſultry day
To wander o'er the burning plain;
All night to waſte the hours away,
Mid howling winds and beating rain.
To talk, O viſion ſadly ſweet!
With her his eyes will never meet,
And find at morn's returning gleam,
'Twas but a dream!

To mark the haughty brow ſevere,
To hear the imperious, ſtern command;
To heave the ſigh, to drop the tear,
While mem'ry paints his native land.
To know, the laurel he has won,
Twines round the brow of fortune's ſon,
While *he*, when ſtrength and youth are flown,
Shall die *unknown!*

EPIGRAM.

THE young ſpendthrift *deteſts* the old covetous miſer,
Yet the miſer's *well pleas'd* with the ſpendthrift:
I'll tell you—the miſer is very content
To *find gulls that will borrow* at twenty per cent.

[MARGARET, *Counteſs of Richmond and Derby, who ſtands high on the liſt of Engliſh female worthies, has her character thus drawn by* JOHN ADOLPHUS—*which, will richly compenſate the reader for a peruſal, and we hope will ſerve as a uſeful leſſon to the females of this weſtern world.*]

MARGARET, daughter and heir of John Beaufort, Duke of Somerſet, was born at Bletſhoe in Bedfordſhire, in 1441. Her education, though ſufficient for that age, was not very extenſive. She was miſtreſs of French, and had ſome knowledge of Latin; but her abilities were, according to Ballard, ſuperior to her acquirements, and her diſpoſition perfectly amiable.

Her good qualities and vaſt inheritance procured her many advantageous offers, particularly the ſon of the celebrated favorite of Queen Margaret, William Duke of Suffolk, and Edmund, half-brother of King Henry VI. Being in doubt to which of theſe two ſhe ſhould give the preference, ſhe conſulted an old lady, who recommended her to St. Nicholas, the patron of Virgins. The Saint very good-naturedly made his appearance in the habit of a biſhop, and adviſed her to marry Edmund. This ſtory is related by Ballard, on the authority of a popiſh biſhop, and the great Sir Francis Bacon: but it is ſo abſurd, as to be even below the ridicule with which Lord Orford has aſſailed it. By this marriage, and in conſequence of her birth, ſhe became allied within the fourth degree, to thirty Kings and Queens, beſides Earls, Marquiſſes, Dukes and Princes; and as Henry VII. was the offspring of the match, ſhe became allied in her poſterity, to thirty more.

Her firſt huſband dying in 1456, ſhe married Sir Henry Strafford, ſecond ſon of Humphry Strafford, the great Duke of Buckingham. Soon after the death of this huſband, ſhe married Thomas Lord Stanley, who, after her ſon Henry's acceſſion to the crown, was created Earl of Derby, and died in 1504.

Though this lady's education was ſo defective as not to afford means of original compoſition, her love of piety, and deſire to increaſe it in England, induced her to tranſlate from the French a book called *Speculum Aureum Peccatorum*, or, a Mirror of Gold for a ſinful Soul; and the 3d and 4th books of Dr. Gerſon's Treatiſe of the Imitation of Jeſus Chriſt. She alſo compoſed, in the 23d year of the reign of Henry VII. Orders for great Eſtates of Ladies and noble Women, for their Precedence, Attires, and wearing of Barbes at Funerals, over the Chin, and under the ſame.

Theſe performances, though they receive a certain recommendation from the quality and devotion of their author, would not have preſerved her fame to poſterity; but her munificence, equally influenced by piety and good ſenſe, induced her to make thoſe public foundations and endowments, which will cauſe her name to be repeated with gratitude while learning and religion yet claim an aſylum in Britain.

Her principal acts were the foundation of two colleges, Chriſt's and St. John's, in the univerſity of Cambridge. She alſo inſtituted Lectureſhips in divinity at Cambridge and Oxford, and afforded a maintenance to many poor ſtudents. She eſtabliſhed at Cambridge a perpetual public preacher. She built an alms-houſe at Weſtminſter for poor women, which was afterward turned into a lodging-houſe for the ſinging men of the college; and founded a free-ſchool at Wymbourn in Dorſetſhire. She lived ſome time at Torrington, in Devonſhire; and, pitying the miniſter for his long walk from the parſonage houſe to the church, gave to him and his ſucceſſors the manor-houſe, and the lands belonging, lying cloſe to the church.

Theſe virtuous deeds breathe ſo true a ſpirit of piety and charity, that the ſuperſtitions which marked Margaret's character, if they claim notice, can be conſidered only as the excreſs of the ſame principles. She is commonly drawn in the habit of a Nun, and was admitted into the fraternity of five ſeveral religious houſes, Weſtminſter, Crowland, Durham, Wymbourn, and the Charter-houſe. She was at prayers ſoon after five o'clock in the morning, and went through the religious offices of the church of Rome with ſo much ſtrictneſs, and added ſo many private devotions, as to occaſion bodily indiſpoſitions. She had girdles, and ſhifts of hair; and, when in health, conſtantly wore one next her perſon on certain days in every week: ſo that ſhe declared to her confeſſor that her ſkin was frequently lacerated. From her laſt huſband, ſhe obtained ſome time before his death, a licence to live chaſte, and thereupon took a vow of celibacy. Lord Orford ſneers at this, conſidered by itſelf, it would form but a whimſical title to celibacy.

Her life was chequered by all the turns of good and ill-fortune, incident to the troubleſome period at which ſhe lived. She had, at length, the happineſs to ſee her beloved ſon unexpectedly advanced to the throne of England, and, weathering all the ſtorms which ariſe from a forcible acquiſition, and a diſputed title, end a reign of 23 years by a peaceful death. She ſurvived him but three months, dying the 29th June, 1509, aged 69.

FEMALE HEROISM.

A Chineſe Emperor, purſued by the victorious forces of a patriot of inferior rank, to extricate himſelf, had recourſe to the principle of filial duty and reverence, carried in China to a ſuperſtitious exceſs. An officer, with a ſabre in his hand, was diſpatched to the mother of the viſtor, with a command from the Emperor on pain of death, to order her ſon to diſband his troops. Diſdainfully ſmiling, the intrepid matron replied, "Doth thy maſter believe that I am ignorant of the tacit, but ſacred convention, between the people and their ſovereigns, by which the maſter is bound to render happy the ſervant who obeys? It is the Emperor who has firſt violated this treaty—and thou vile fool of a tyrant, learn in ſuch a caſe, from a woman, what is due to thy country."—Then, ſnatching from his hand the weapon, ſhe plunged it in her breaſt—"Slave! (ſaid ſhe as the blood flowed from the wound) if thou haſt ſtill any virtue, carry this poignard to my ſon. Tell him to revenge the nation, and puniſh the uſurper. He has now no caution to obſerve on the account of his mother—He is at liberty to be virtuous."

ENGLISH SAILOR.

There is a well-known ſtory of a ſailor, who, coming off a cruiſe with his pocket full of prize-money, admired the Admiral's velvet waiſtcoat ſo much, that nothing could ſatisfy him, until he had one made for himſelf of the very ſame ſtuff. He accordingly inquired for the Admiral's taylor, of whom he went to beſpeak his veſt. The taylor, after having taken his meaſure, aſked him what he ſhould make the back of. "Why, of the ſame ſtuff, to be ſure!" quoth Jack. "'Tis not uſual, ſaid the taylor, to make the back of thoſe rich waiſtcoats of the ſame ſtuff with the front; the Admiral had the back of *his* made of common cloth."—"No matter for that, quoth Jack; make *mine* ALL velvet; I'll have no ſham about me, by G—!" Soon after, when Jack had got his waiſtcoat on, he met the Admiral in the ſtreet; but inſtead of taking off his hat, (for which he felt himſelf too great), he held his coat-lappets up with one hand, and with the other he clapped his back—"No ſham *here*, Admiral! no ſham about *me*; 'tis *all* velvet, by G—!"

"In moderate governments, a good legiſlator is leſs bent upon puniſhing than preventing crimes: he is more attentive to inſpire good morals, than to inflict puniſhments." MONTESQUIEU.

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